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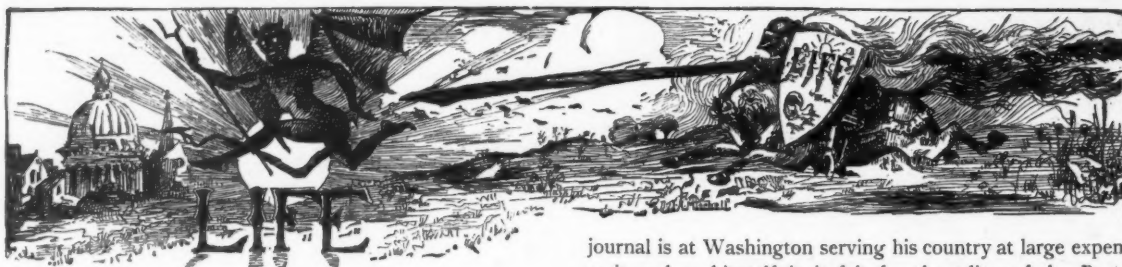
### SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

*Miss Blanche:* HAVE YOU MADE ANY CONQUESTS THIS SUMMER?

*Miss Lillian:* OH, YES; MR. JONES PROPOSED THE DAY BEFORE WE CAME AWAY.

*Miss Blanche:* DOESN'T HE POP THE QUESTION IN THE MOST AWKWARD MANNER IMAGINABLE?

*They meet as strangers.*



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. DECEMBER 15, 1887. No. 259.

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MR. CLEVELAND'S message gives universal satisfaction. However members of various shades of political belief may disagree with his views, they all accord him due measure of praise for so manfully planting himself squarely on the issues which most of our public men have hitherto seemed afraid to touch. There is no beating about the bush; there are no fine words to draw attention from his meaning. The message is a clear, forcible exposition of the great question before the country to-day, with the President's views of how affairs can be remedied. It is short and to the point, and cannot but carry conviction to the heart of the people that we have a President who is not a mere figure-head, but a broad-minded, fearless officer, who sees what is right, and means, so far as he is able, to do it, regardless of consequences.

We are gradually waking up to the fact, that while Mr. Cleveland may not be the most astute politician in this country, he will rank high among its statesmen.

IT is not forbidden to be amused in the intervals of edification at the homilies of the venerable and esteemed *Evening Post* over the enormity of the manufacture of one and two cent newspapers. The rise in price of one or two papers in the interior of this State, the advance of the *Herald* from two cents to three, and the birth of the one-cent *Press* have each and severally given the *Post* a chance to intimate that journals which can be bought for less than three cents are sinful, and ought to be suppressed.

LIFE is quite of the *Post's* mind as to the demoralizing tendencies of extreme competition between the cheap papers, and is glad to see the *Herald* pull out of the ruck, but it isn't ready yet to concede that a two-cent paper is intrinsically immoral, or that when three cents will buy twelve pages of *Post* it is *prima facie* evidence of depravity to sell four pages of *Evening Sun* for one cent. While the editor of the latter

journal is at Washington serving his country at large expense to it and to himself, is it fair for the editor of the *Post* to make faces at his orphaned journal, and say its habits are bad?

Oh, no! That cannot be right; and the *Post* forgets one thing, too, that can be said for the cheap journals. The buyer can afford to read a little in them and throw the rest away; but once he has invested in the *Post* he is tempted to over-exert his brain in the attempt to get his money's worth.

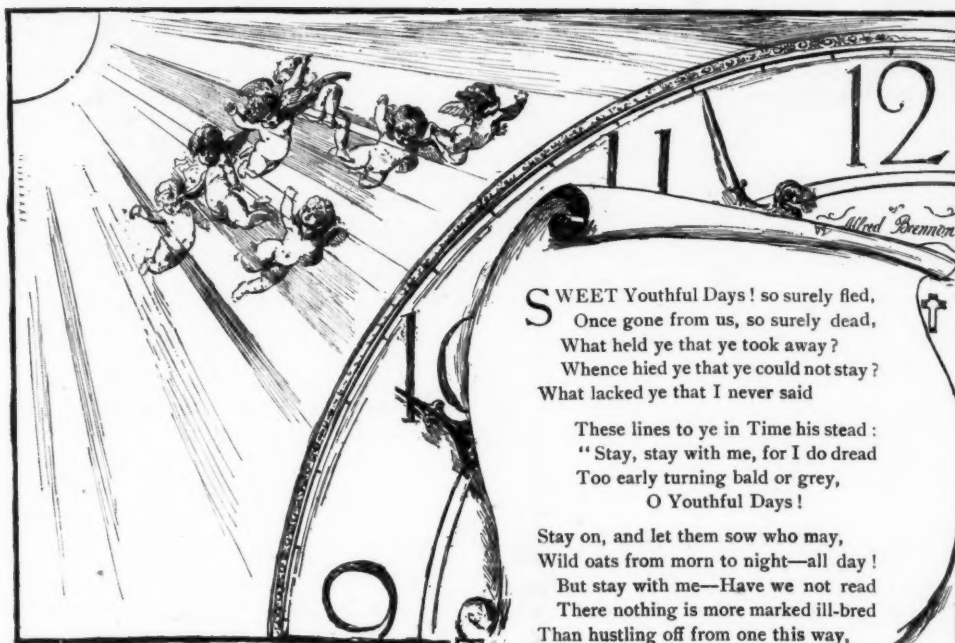
LIFE congratulates the Republic of France, which recently set out to elect a new President, on having performed precisely that feat. Usually when France announces that she will elect a President, the world has feelings like those of Chicago when Mr. Lowell comes to town to talk politics. The world wonders how nearly the goods will coincide with the invoice. If France had elected Boulanger or the Count of Paris or Colonel Bismark himself, there wouldn't have been very much more surprise than at her selection of M. Sadi-Carnot.

Mr. Carnot's grandfather was an enterprising Republican, and a particular friend of Napoleon the Big; his father was more of a scholar than a politician, but a Republican always; and the new President himself—for all that his name has a joint in it—is as sound a Republican as his forbears, though, it may be, more moderate.

LIFE presents to him our respectful compliments, and wonders how many of the years for which it was the sweet will of his country to choose him he will be allowed to serve.

COL. NICHOLAS SMITH may place too high an estimate on the value of his services as Mr. Ovington's groomsman, but if he can prove that he was a good son-in-law to Horace Greeley, any shortcoming in his relations with Mr. Ovington will be overlooked. A morning paper intimated pretty plainly the other day that Colonel Smith had dispersed such funds as Horace Greeley had left behind for his children. Colonel Smith made a late but very plain-spoken reply, wherein he denied that Mr. Greeley had left any money, denied that he himself had spent it, and affirmed that it was due to his own superhuman efforts that a moderate sum was realized from the odds and ends of Mr. Greeley's estate, of which much still remains.

It is to be hoped that Colonel Smith has not deceived himself in these matters, or suffered his imagination to intoxicate his memory. It is a severe trial for any person to be reckoned the handsomest man in Kentucky, and a soul oppressed with such a misfortune should not be burdened with any load which is not accurately its own.



### AN INTERVIEW.

LIFE'S special correspondent, upon reading in the papers that his great-uncle's old friend, Mr. James Russell Lowell, had just returned from abroad, walked over to Boston and thence to Southboro to interview the gentleman and talk over the old days when his great-uncle was the Damon to Mr. Lowell's Pythias.

The ex-diplomat received the correspondent kindly for his great-uncle's sake, no doubt, and expressed great gratification that the great-nephew of his old friend should come so great a distance to see his great-uncle's great friend.

"How do you like America?" I asked.

"Chawming, chawming. To be suah, it is not England, but it is Americah; and aftah all, England is not Americah, so that it is not surprising, aw, to discovah that Americah is not England."

"Quite so!" replied the correspondent.

"Indeed, if England ware Americah I should probably have been an, aw, Englishman, and Englishmen would have been Americans, in which case things would have been quite as bad as they are at present when an American can only be an Englishman in mannah—a most trying state of affaiahs to one who is a Briton at heart, doncher-know."

"To be sure," said the correspondent. "And how is your dear friend the Prince?"

"That is a question which I had rathaw you had put to anothah. My opinion for publication would be that Albert Edward is looking very well, but in private ife I am disposed to think him too, aw, fat to be called beautiful."

"No doubt," returned the correspondent.

"I might say that if the Prince ware as slim as his chawnces of getting his mothah off the throne his personal appeahrance would be greatly improved."

"And Her Majesty, too, I suppose, is fat, fair, and forty?"

"Not quite so. Rathah say stout, sour and seventy—that is, that is my opinion to the great-nephew of my great friend your great-uncle. If you ware a reportah for the press, I should say that Her Majesty is still the same gracious lady that she was before the Jubilee."

"Why did you return to America, Mr. Lowell? We had fondly hoped—ah, that is, we had been led to believe that you were going to stay abroad for several years?"

"Quite so. Ya-as. My original intentions ware something of that naitchah. But"—here the ex-diplomat seemed embarrassed—"well, you see, anothah Boston gentleman came ovah, and I found myself—it humiliates me to confess it—but he came with a belt of gold, set with diahmonds and rubies, whilst I went with no belt, no diahmonds, no rubies, and, aw, he gradually usurped my position as the leading American in London. I found my name had been removed from most of the lists and that of Mr. Sullivan substituted, and to make a long story shawt, I was—"

"Knocked out?" queried the correspondent.

"Quite so!" replied Mr. Lowell.

The correspondent then took leave of his great-uncle's great friend and betook himself gratefully home.

N.B.—To save Mr. Lowell from the possibility of trouble and annoyance, the correspondent takes this opportunity to deny the authenticity of this interview.

Carlyle Smith.





## FOOLISH RHYMES FOR YULISH TIMES.

Cabled to LIFE by Mother Goose.

I.

NOW the thermometer slowly recedeth,  
And the pneumonia swiftly proceedeth;  
Man wears his overcoat on the hat-rack,  
'Twill take an eternity to get the man back.

II.

Mamma goes around the shops, papa goes to biz;  
And 'mongst the bills that papa pays, papa's present is.

III.

Hear the merry merchant's cry,  
"Ho, the pretty ladies  
Come to see and not to buy!  
Doesn't it beat Hades?"

\* \* \*

OUR esteemed contemporary, Mr. P. T. Barnum, always  
was a lucky man.

He found three dollars in the stomach of one of his recently-destroyed elephants.

\* \* \*

A PROPOS of Aldermen, when Mr. Atkinson buys Canada,  
he should add \$100,000 to the purchase-money for  
the ex-legislators who have flitted over the border.

\* \* \*

ENGLISH eulogists of American  
deceased come high, but it seems  
that we must have them. The terms  
of an eminent divine, now in this  
country, are said to be as follows:

Simple exposition of deceased's  
career, with an appropriate  
moral deduced therefrom, . . . £150

Laudatory sermon, exhorting the  
hearers to follow in the foot-  
steps of deceased, accompa-  
nied by tears, . . . £200

All-wool-and-yard-wide praise,  
with complete dissolution of  
speaker in grief for the de-  
parted, with tearing of hair,  
rending of garments and other  
accessories, as desired, . . . £300-500

\* \* \*

A WESTERN Anarchist on hearing  
that man is 90 per cent. water,  
went into his room and blew his brains  
out.

He could not stand the disgrace.



Jack: WELL, OLD MAN, HOW DID YOU LIKE  
"TRISTAM AND ISOLDE?"

Unmusical Party: UGH! NO GOOD. ONLY  
CAUGHT ONE AIR. GOT THAT IN THE BACK OF  
MY NECK, AND IT'S THERE YET.

WHEN the *World* is not sneering at the *Sun's* circula-  
tion, or bragging about its own, it is generally found  
waging a war of extermination on the expression "lady-  
friend." We were surprised, therefore, to note the following  
in a recent issue of our contemporary:

Mrs. Cleveland was accompanied by a lady-friend and her maid.  
The lady-friend rose as if to leap from the carriage, and the maid  
screamed hysterically.

Consistency is a jewel, Mr. Pulitzer, and we think, perhaps,  
the *Sun* is right and you had better move on.

\* \* \*

MOST men who have gone through the vicissitudes  
which have fallen to the lot of Jacob Sharp would  
hardly care to add to their trials.

But there is no accounting for tastes. A man who would  
buy an alderman for twenty thousand dollars, when he could  
get a good dog for ten, isn't governed by the ordinary rules  
of life.

\* \* \*

A WESTERN man named Pettis swallowed his false  
teeth, last week, and can't lie down without biting  
himself internally.

\* \* \*

JAY GOULD'S autograph brought £100 in London last  
week.

It was at the end of a cheque for \$500.

\* \* \*

## BY PROXY.

"JOHN," said Deacon Smithus,  
after vainly endeavoring to put  
a letter into an envelope two sizes too  
small, "is there a Dictionary of Pro-  
fanity in this house?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"Very well, then," said the Deacon,  
"go out behind the barn and read it  
aloud, from beginning to end, as forc-  
ibly as you know how, and charge it up  
to my account."

\* \* \*

THERE is a man in a Westchester  
County lunatic asylum who wants  
to know which wrote Shakespeare,  
Liver or Bacon.

\* \* \*

MR. HOWELLS has one of his  
uproariously funeral farces in  
*Harper's Magazine*.

It is called Five o'Clock Tea, and is  
suspected of being (t) oo-long.—*P-nch*.

## THE UNITED STATES BEST-MAN COMPANY

HITHERTO, at American Weddings, the position of "Best Man" has been given to some particular friend of the groom, and this gentleman, being inexperienced, has frequently made a sad mess of what should be a very happy occasion.

The organization of capitalists above referred to proposes to remedy this. It has a corps of trained young men, ready to respond at an hour's notice to calls from any part of the country.

Our "Best Men" will take entire charge of marriages—engage the carriages, see to the decorations, keep the groom sober, button the bride's gloves, and pay the parson.

## A NEW ENTERPRISE.

The Company's scale of charges for these services vary in proportion to the amount of work to be done and the social status of the parties.

The charge for a wedding in which there is a disparity of forty or fifty years in the ages of the bride and groom, or when the "Best Man" enjoys the rank of Colonel, will be \$190 and traveling expenses.

Ordinary weddings will be directed for prices varying from \$25 to \$100 and expenses.

*An additional charge will be made for occasions where the bride is freckled.*

*Estimates furnished on application. See our prices and press notices before engaging your "Best Man."*

After using our methods you will use no other. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

## Special Rates to Mormons and Chicagoans.

*A Liberal Commission allowed to Clergymen who secure us business.*

Gentlemen contemplating divorce and frequent re-marriages should consult our WHOLESALE RATES, or purchase a **Commutation Ticket**, good for five ceremonies, one number of which will be punched out as each event occurs.

**N.B.—A Certificate of Sanity goes with each "Best Man."**

Address all communications to

**THE U. S. BEST-MAN CO.,**

**PITTSBURGH, Pa.**

**WM. H. SIVITER,**

*Manager.*



## AFTER ALL.

"I CANNOT SAY YES, WALTER. I SHALL ALWAYS BE A SIS—"

"SISTER TO ME? NO YOU WON'T."

"YES, WALTER; YOUR BROTHER CHARLES PROPOSED TO ME LAST NIGHT AND I ACCEPTED HIM."



## WHAT MAKES A SUCCESSFUL BOOK?

IN his recent collection of delightful essays—"Memories and Portraits" (Scribner's)—Robert Louis Stevenson has frankly given away the secret of his success. There the beginner or the veteran may read of the royal road to fame. Under the title of "A Gossip on Romance," he says:

It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation that we have long dallied with in fancy is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. . . . Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him with every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance.

IN every other trade, business, or profession there is a general acceptance of the principle that to be successful you must give pleasure. The carpenter makes the most beautiful door which he can devise for the money and material; the architect, the most convenient house; the merchant makes his store attractive, and spends hours in the decoration of his

front window; even the lawyer, who thrives on the evils of life, learns that suavity of manner is an element of success.

But in the profession of letters there always has been and still are those who assert that you must "take" literature as you take a bitter medicine, for the good it will do you. And so they continue to compound noxious mixtures and label them Studies from Life, Revelations of the Heart, Anatomy of Crimes.

Men and women do not read books under compulsion (if we except professional books). Literature, like society, is the solace of the lonely and weary heart. When we are tired and worried we do not seek the companionship of a disagreeable man or woman. The man of good-cheer, sincerity and sympathy is surrounded with friends. The misanthrope sits alone in a corner with his gloomy thoughts. Each is an equally *real* type, but each is not equally *valuable* to his fellow-man.

\* \* \*

THOUGH Mr. Stevenson has so frankly given away the recipe for "the tincture of success," there is little danger of his being crowded from the field by imitators. They cannot acquire by rule or purchase the chief ingredients—a heart filled with human kindness, a mind stored with fair visions, a spirit at home among the clouds!

A book is successful—and immediately the critics begin to split hairs over its niceties of style, over the ingenuity of construction, over the depth of its philosophy. The wise men see in it evidences of the abstruse mental juggling which they



TRIBUTE TO DIANA.



UNDER FULL SAIL.

HIGGINS: For goodness' sake, Wiggins, why do you wobble around the sidewalk so? Go home, you're flustered!

WIGGINS (*indignantly*): I'm not! But I can't manage these new baggy trousers in a headwind, you know, and have to tack to get the wind on my beam.

STRANGER: Where do you Socialists, Anarchists, Labor Reformers and Anti-Povertyites meet in New York?

ANARCHIST: At Cooper Union.

STRANGER: Oh, yes; the building was founded by a millionaire's benevolence, I believe!

MICHIGAN CITY is in Indiana and Kansas City is in Missouri.

We Eastern people can do better than that—but we drink a finer quality of whiskey, and not quite so much of it.

AMONG traveling salesmen order is Heaven's first law.

IN case you should want to commit hari-kari—and some of you ought—you will find that the sword is mightier than the pen, but when it comes to cheese, that is mite-e-er than either.



OUR ADVICE.

have been accustomed to call thought. But the successful author, and the host of readers who made him so, see none of these things. The former made visible the dream which was struggling for shape and expression in the hearts of men. And they, recognizing their kinship with the child of genius, cherish it as their own.

*Droch.*

NEW BOOKS .

*THE BEST READING.* Third Series. Edited by Lynds E. Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Recent Advances in Electricity.* By Henry Greer. Illustrated.

*Sonnets of Love and Life.* By Edward Wells, Jr., & Henry E. Bedford. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

*Free Joe, and other Georgian Sketches.* By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Paul Patoff.* By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*A Woman's Reason.* By W. D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

*St. Nicholas, 1887.* Two Volumes. New York: The Century Co.

*The Century, 1887.* New York: The Century Co.

*Down the Islands.* A Voyage to the Caribbees. By W. A. Paton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney kept New Year's.* By W. H. Murray. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

*Diet in Relation to Age and Activity.* By Sir H. Thompson, F.R.C.S., Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

*Major Lawrence, F.L.S.* By Hon. Emily Lawless. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

*Who Cares?* Episodes in the Life of Mary Campbell. Facts, not Fancies. By Mrs. Harriet N. K. Goff, with an Introduction by Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

*The Story of an Enthusiast.* By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

*Damen's Ghost.* By E. L. Bynner. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

*Social Register,* New York, 1888. New York: Social Register Association.

*Song of the River.* By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

*Zigzag Journeys in India.* A Collection of the Zenānā Tales. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AN English literary man has discovered a hundred-line poem by Lord Tennyson in the waste-basket of his father, who was once the editor of an English fireside weekly.

The New York *World* can print seventy-five lines of advertising in twenty-three lines and still have room for an affidavit.

Hugh Conway's friends think that the posthumous works of the deceased novelist show more fire than the others.



THE TRIUMPH OF



LIFE ·



MPH OF THE WEST.



**H.** RIDER HAGGARD'S weird tale of "She" has been put upon the stage at Niblo's. It possesses much of the frailty that poets ascribe to the female sex, and, except as a spectacle, in which respect it is gorgeously like other shes we meet with, it must be set down as uninteresting. The play should be encouraged on purely philanthropic grounds, as a drama which opens up a field for the aged and infirm ballet-girl is little short of a charitable enterprise; when the heroine is two thousand years of age, a four-thousand-year-old chorus girl stands a very good chance of being able to make a living.



**D**ALY'S Theatre is gradually developing into a museum and gallery of art, and a leisurely stroll about the foyers is a thing not to be omitted. Not least among later attractions is the youthful Celestial, who dispenses bills of the play in the vestibule.

This gentleman is highly decorative, in addition to being an object of great utility. We might, perhaps, say, with Mrs. Partington, an "object of bigotry and virtue." The "Railroad of Love" is still crowded with passengers, and if other railroads in the country had all their seats taken

for as many weeks ahead as in Mr. Daly's case, there would be a R. R. boom of abnormal dimensions. It is seldom New Yorkers have so delicious a morsel offered their blasé palates as this exquisite comedy.

**M**R. PALMER is doing his best to encourage such latent dramatic genius as may exist in this country. His series of authors' performances has been most successful from the standpoint of the American Dramatists, certainly, and from Mr. Palmer's point of view, probably, since he has decided to continue them through the winter. It has long been the complaint of the needy American playwright that the great American Drama has been hiding its light under a bushel for many years, because of a marked

preference of our managers for the successes of the London season. In demonstrating the truth or falsity of this claim, Mr. Palmer is doing the public a service. We shall now have an opportunity to learn whether we have any Sheridans among us, to say nothing of the possibility of Shakespeares or Bacons without number.

The season this year was opened on Tuesday evening last at the Madison Square Theatre, with the dramatization of Tennyson's "Elaine," by Messrs. G. P. Lathrop and Harry Edwards. The audience was an appreciative one, and the work done by the company was conscientious, as everything at Mr. Palmer's house is. The general verdict seems to be that Mr. Lathrop has not found Tennyson's poem suggestive of any intensely dramatic situations, but has discovered possibilities for painting the lily of the Poet-peer's Muse. It must be said in Mr. Lathrop's behalf, that in his endeavor to make this particular poem blood-curdling, or whatever else it ought to be to satisfy the thirst of the American audience, he has suffered from the same drawbacks which stood in the way of the novelist who tried to write a bustling narrative of Life in Philadelphia. Galvanization is the hardest attribute for a literary man to acquire, and if Mr. Lathrop has not in this instance succeeded in achieving anything more than a literary success, it must be set down to his having chosen literature, and not electrical science, for a profession.

The production of "Elaine" is an event which in itself entitles Mr. Palmer to the best wishes of the community. He is giving the American dramatist a chance. "Elaine" is a success, and its authors are fair objects for congratulation. It is, of course, a romantic work, in which beauty and poetic feeling play an important part, and the authors have most skillfully achieved their aim.



#### FOR MORALITY.

*Jorkins:* THAT'S A GOOD MOVE OF COMSTOCK'S TO PUT AN END TO NUDITY IN THE PARK.

*Barker:* HOW SO?

*Jorkins:* HE'S ARRESTED THE BEAR.

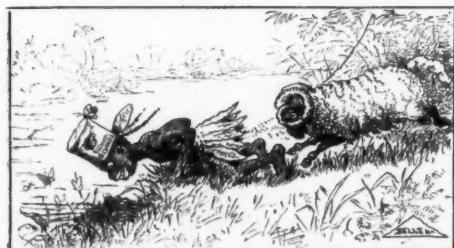
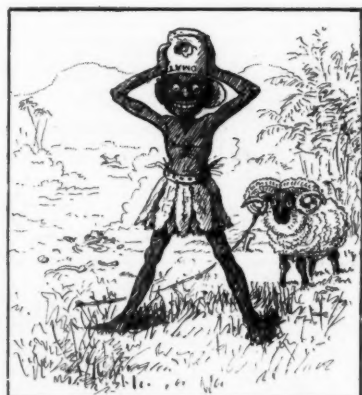
**RACHMBUNCTIUS.**

**A** DRUGGIST who thought that a drachm,  
Was equal in weight to a lachmb,  
When charged by the boss  
For causing a loss,  
Replied, "I don't care a dachmn."

W. P.

**T**HE *Manchester Union*, in an account of a recent stabbing affray in that city, says the victim was "stabbed at the south end." But it doesn't say whether such wounds are fatal or not.

**THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.**



*Patient:* I'VE TAKEN ALL THE MEDICINE YOU SENT EXCEPT THIS ONE BOTTLE AND I DON'T SEEM TO FEEL ANY BETTER.

*Doctor:* YOURS MUST BE AN AGGRAVATED CASE. FARMER ACORN'S COW WAS TOOK DOWN AT THE SAME TIME YOU WUZ, AN' I GIV' HER JUST THE SAME MED'CINE EXACTLY, AN' IT CURED *her*.

**OLD AND NEW.**

**O**LD CHRISTMAS (*to children blowing horns*): You young imps! Why do you disturb a Holyday this way?

**CHORUS OF SMALL BOYS:** Yah, yah, old fossil! We spell it Holiday now.

**A**N oculist doesn't want an eye for an eye, and a dentist doesn't want a tooth for a tooth. They want \$...

**THE TROUBLED WATERS OF TRUE LOVE.**

**Y**OUNG MAN (*to jeweler*): You can only allow me five dollars for the ring?

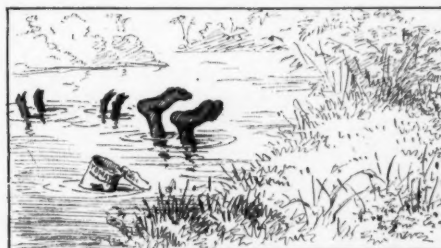
**JEWELER:** That's all.

**YOUNG MAN:** But you charged me fifteen for it a month ago!

**JEWELER:** Exactly.

**YOUNG MAN (*sadly*):** Well, give me the five dollars. I s'pose I ought to be thankful that I got the ring back at all.

**I**T isn't necessary for a man to know enough to go in when it rains, if he has an umbrella.







## TOO MUCH FOR HER NERVES.

"RUN, 'LIZ'BETH JANE, RUN FOR A NAMBULANCE; THE SIGHT O' THAT WINDER HAS MADE HER FAINT!"

## FROM WASHINGTON.

IN spite of the best efforts of the police, Congress has again reorganized, and under the guidance of Mr. Carlisle will lay siege to the surplus for some time to come.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Samuel Sullivan Cox is back again in the councils of the Nation. With this gentleman in the House of Representatives there should be spice enough in the debates to make the coming issues of the *Congressional Record* worth reading.

In the Senate there is the same leaven of wealth which so materially affected the whole lump last session. On the whole, there is a fair supply of brains amongst our Senatorial servants—almost enough to warrant us in believing that the country may survive their machinations in its behalf.

Mr. Riddleberger is the power that sits behind the throne, and will doubtless look after the interests of the land

with all the perspicacity which pertains to a Virginian who realizes that the eye of his family is upon him.

Senator Evarts, who has spent the summer framing a sentence on the Tariff, will begin to deliver it on the 14th inst., and hopes to finish it in time to see the old year die. If he can't, he will break it off short on the 31st of December, and will begin it again at the first verb back when the session resumes its sitting.

Beyond the excitement which always attends the purchase of a new hat by Secretary Bayard, all is quiet along the Potomac.



LEADING THE GERMAN.

IT is a comfort to know that the Rev. Joseph Parker and the brethren of Plymouth Church parted good friends after all. It has been diamond cut diamond between these worthies, and neither have got off without some scratches. Dr. Parker has one weapon left. He can go home and write a book.



**SQUELCHED.**

THE occasional contributor dropped into the sanctum wearily. Seated at the desk was a beetle-browed tramp printer. "Are you the mule editor?" softly inquired the visiting contributor.

"Nay," answered the apparition, poisoning a proof-slip in his delicately discolored digits. "I am the calf editor; do you wish to be edited?"—*Washington Hatchet*.

"Now, isn't that a burning shame?" said Mrs. Seldom, as she pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, and laid down the morning paper.

"What's that, ma?" said her youngest son.

"Why, Emperor William gave an audience to Prince William yesterday. Think of that, my son—a whole audience given away like so many cattle. It's awful!"—*Chicago News*.

FATHER (*trying to read the paper*): What was that awful racket in the hall just now?

MOTHER: One of the children fell down the stairs.

FATHER (*trascibly*): Well, you tell those children that if they can't fall down stairs quietly they won't be allowed to fall down them at all.—*Sun*.

"CAN'T you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife as he was about to start for his office. They had had a little quarrel, and he was willing to "make it up."

"Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck, "forgive my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man."—*New York Sun*.

CASHLEY (*on his bridal tour*): You've no idea, darling, of the quick-wittedness of some of our lower classes. I'll speak to that bargeman, and you see if his reply isn't pat. Hi, there! Where're you bound?"

CANAL-BOAT CAPTAIN: To Sheol, you camel-backed dude! Go back to your cage, you long-nosed, lop-eared galoot! Yah!—*Judge*.

THE late Major Mordecai, of North Carolina, met the Czar of Russia once, and in the course of the conversation, which was carried on in French, addressed him as "Monsieur." Turning to General McClellan, the Major said: "D—n the fellow, I called him mister." The Czar, with a smile, remarked: "Let us talk English, we can get along better." The North Carolinian didn't cuss the Czar any more during that interview.

A MAN, being requested by a friend to buy him some books, forgot all about the matter till he accidentally met him—then, in his confusion, he endeavored to "set matters straight" by nonchalantly remarking: "By the way, I never got the letter you wrote about those books."

A SOMERSET business man not long since had occasion to write to a gentleman who evidently had few correspondents. The envelope had the usual "Return in ten days to Mr. —, Somerset, Ky.," on it. In about ten days the letter came back to him, accompanied by a scrawling note, the writer saying that he had returned the letter according to the request on the envelope, though he didn't see why he was so all-fired particular about having it sent back."—*Somerset (Ky.) Republican*.

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BRIDGET: Yis, mum, but oi sint it back. Every wan av thim stims was impty.—*New York Sun.*

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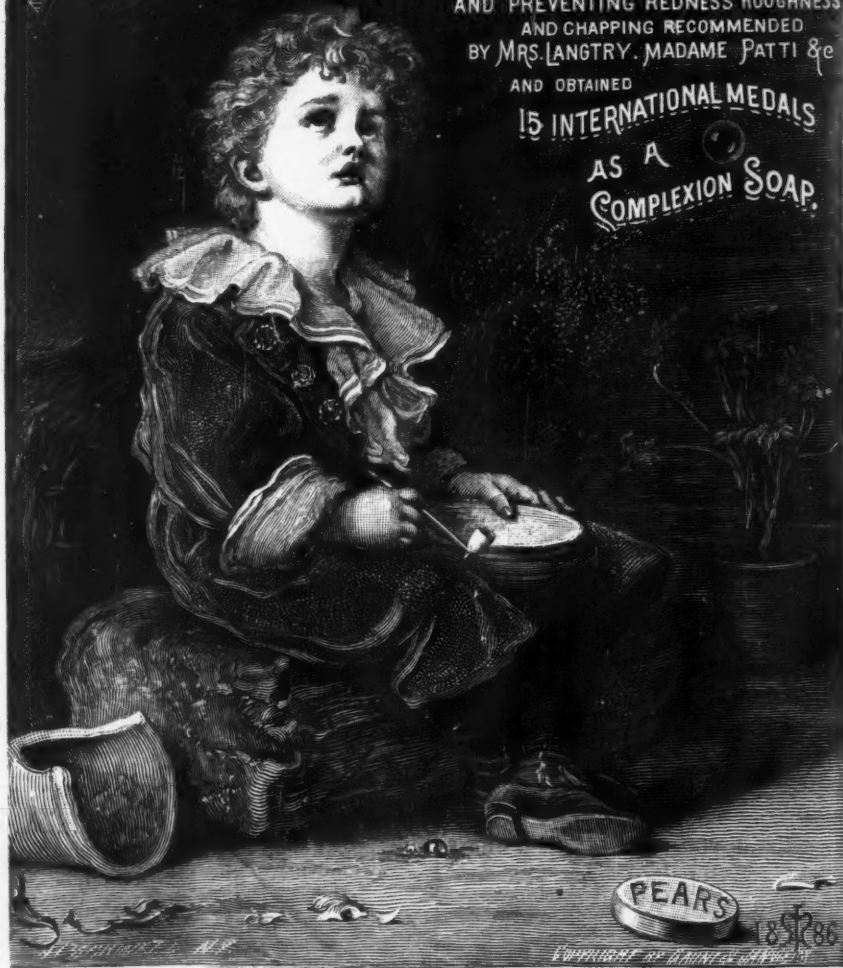
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